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## MRS B.'S ALARMS.

Mrs B. is my wife; and her alarms are those produced by a delusion under which she labours, that there are assassins, gnomes, vampires, or what not in our house at night, and that it is my bounden duty to leave my bed at any hour or temperature, and to do battle with the same, in very inadequate apparel. The circumstances which attend Mrs B.'s alarms are generally of the following kind. I am awakened by the mention of my baptismal name, in that peculiar species of whisper which has something uncanny in its very nature, besides the dismal associations which belong to it, from the fact of its being used only in melodramas and sick-rooms:

*'Henry, Henry, Henry.'*

How many times she has repeated this, I know not; the sound falls on my ear like the lapping of a hundred waves, or as the 'Robin Crusoe, Robin Crusoe' of the parrot smote upon the ear of the terrified islander of Defoe; but at last I wake, to view, by the dim fire-light, this vision: Mrs B. is sitting up beside me, in a listening attitude of the very intensest kind; her night-cap (one with cherry-coloured ribbons, such as it can be no harm to speak about) is tucked back behind either ear; her hair—in paper—is rolled out of the way upon each side like a banner furled; her eyes are rather wide open, and her mouth very much so; her fingers would be held up to command attention, but that she is supporting herself in a somewhat absurd manner upon her hands.

*'Henry, did you hear that?'*

*'What, my love?'*

*'That noise. There it is again; there—there.'*

The disturbance referred to is that caused by a mouse nibbling at the wainscot; and I venture to say so much in a tone of the deepest conviction.

*'No, no, Henry; it's not the least like that: it's a file working at the bars of the pantry-window. I will stake my existence, Henry, that it is a file.'*

Whenever my wife makes use of this particular form of words, I know that opposition is useless. I rise, therefore, and put on my slippers and dressing-gown. Mrs B. refuses to let me have the candle, because she will die of terror if she is left alone without a light. She puts the poker into my hand, and with a gentle violence is about to expel me from the chamber, when a sudden thought strikes her.

*'Stop a bit, Henry,'* she exclaims, *'until I have looked into the cupboards and places;'* which she proceeds to do most minutely, investigating even the short drawers of a foot and a half square. I am at length dismissed upon my perilous errand, and

Mrs B. locks and double-locks the door behind me with a celerity that almost catches my retreating garment. My expedition therefore combines all the dangers of a sally, with the additional disadvantage of having my retreat into my own fortress cut off. Thus cumbrously but ineffectually caparisoned, I perambulate the lower stories of the house in darkness, in search of that disturber of Mrs B.'s repose, which, I am well convinced, is behind the wainscot of her own apartment, and nowhere else. The pantry, I need not say, is as silent as the grave, and about as cold. The great clock in the kitchen looks spectral enough by the light of the expiring embers, but there is nothing there with life except black beetles, which crawl in countless numbers over my naked ankles. There is a noise in the cellar such as Mrs B. would at once identify with the suppressed converse of anticipative burglars, but which I recognise in a moment as the dripping of the small-beer cask, whose tap is troubled with a nervous disorganisation of that kind. The dining-room is chill and cheerless: a ghostly arm-chair is doing the grim honours of the table to three other vacant seats, and dispensing hospitality in the shape of a mouldy orange and some biscuits, which I remember to have left in some disgust, about — Hark! the clicking of a revolver? No; the warning of the great clock—one, two, three. . . . What a frightful noise it makes in the startled ear of night! Twelve o'clock. I left this dining-room, then, but three hours and a half ago; it certainly does not look like the same room now. The drawing-room is also far from wearing its usual snug and comfortable appearance. Could we possibly have all been sitting in the relative positions to one another which these chairs assume? Or since we were there, has some spiritual company, with no eye for order left among them, taken advantage of the remains of our fire to hold a *reunion*? They are here even at this moment perhaps, and their gentlemen have not yet come up from the dining-room. I shudder from head to foot, partly at the bare idea of such a thing, partly from the naked fact of my exceedingly unclothed condition. They do say that in the very passage which I have now to cross in order to get to Mrs B. again, my great-grandfather 'walks;' in compensation, I suppose, for having been prevented by gout from taking that species of exercise while he was alive. There are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in your philosophy, I think as I approach this spot; but I do not say so, for I am well-nigh speechless with the cold—yes, the cold: it is only my teeth that chatter. What a scream that was! There it comes again, and there is no doubt

this time as to who is the owner of that terrified voice. Mrs B.'s alarms have evidently taken some other direction. 'Henry, Henry,' she cries in tones of a very tolerable pitch. A lady being in the case, I fly upon the wings of domestic love along the precincts sacred to the perambulations of my great-grandfather. I arrive at my wife's chamber; the screams continue, but the door is locked.

'Open, open!' shout I. 'What on earth is the matter?'

There is silence; then a man's voice—that is to say, my wife's voice in imitation of a man's—replies in tones of indignant ferocity, to convey the idea of a life-preserver being under the pillow of the speaker, and ready to his hand: 'Who are you—what do you want?'

'You very silly woman,' I answer; not from unpoliteness, but because I find that that sort of language recovers and assures her of my identity better than any other—'why, it's I.'

The door is then opened about six or seven inches, and I am admitted with all the precaution which attends the entrance of an ally into a besieged garrison.

Mrs B., now leaning upon my shoulder, dissolves into copious tears, and points to the door communicating with my attiring-chamber.

'There's sur—sur—somebody been snoring in your dressing-room,' she sobs, 'all the time you were away.'

This statement is a little too much for my sense of humour, and although sympathising very tenderly with poor Mrs B., I cannot help bursting into a little roar of laughter. Laughter and fear are deadly enemies, and I can see at once that Mrs B. is all the better for this explosion.

'Consider, my love,' I reason—'consider the extreme improbability of a burglar or other nefarious person making such a use of the few precious hours of darkness as to go to sleep in them! Why, too, should he take a bedstead without a mattress, which I believe is the case in this particular supposition of yours, when there were feather-beds unoccupied in other apartments? Moreover, would not this be a still greater height of recklessness in such an individual, should he have a habit of snor'—

A slight noise in the dressing-room, occasioned by the Venetian blind tapping against the window, here causes Mrs B. to bury her head with extreme swiftness, ostrich-like, beneath the pillow, so that the peroration of my argument is lost upon her. I enter the suspected chamber—this time with a lighted candle—and find my trousers, with the boots in them, hanging over the bedside something after the manner of a drunken marauder, but nothing more. Neither is there anybody reposing under the shadow of my boot-tree upon the floor. All is peace there, and at sixes and sevens as I left it upon retiring—as I had hoped—to rest.

Once more I stretch my chilled and tired limbs upon the couch; sweet sleep once more begins to woo my eyelids, when 'Henry, Henry,' again dissolves the dim and half-formed dream.

'Are you certain, Henry, that you looked in the shower-bath? I am almost sure that I heard somebody pulling the string.'

No grounds, indeed, are too insufficient, no supposi-

tion too incompatible with reason for Mrs B. to build her alarms upon. Sometimes, although we lodge upon the second story, she imagines that the window is being attempted; sometimes, although the register may be down, she is confident that the chimney is being used as the means of ingress.

Once, when we happened to be in London—where she feels, however, a good deal safer than in the country—we had a real alarm, and Mrs B., since I was suffering from a quinsy—contracted mainly by my being sent about the house o' nights in the usual scanty drapery—had to be sworn in as her own special constable.

'Henry, Henry,' she whispered upon this occasion, 'there's a dreadful cat in the room.'

'Pooch, pooch!' I gasped; 'it's only in the street: I've heard the wretches. Perhaps they are on the tiles.'

'No, Henry. There, I don't want you to talk since it makes you cough; only listen to me. What am I to do, Henry? I'll stake my existence that there's a— Ugh, what's that?'

And, indeed, some heavy body did there and then jump upon our bed, and off again, at my wife's interjection, with extreme agility. I thought Mrs B. would have had a fit, but she hadn't. She told me, dear soul, upon no account to venture into the cold with my bad throat. She would turn out the beast herself, single-handed. We arranged that she was to take hold of my fingers, and retain them, until she reached the fireplace, where she would find a shovel or other offensive weapon fit for the occasion. During the progress of this expedition, however, so terrible a caterwauling broke forth, as it seemed, from the immediate neighbourhood of the fender, that my disconcerted helpmate made a most precipitate retreat. She managed, after this mishap, to procure a light, and by a circuitous route, constructed of tables and chairs, to avoid stepping upon the floor, Mrs B. obtained the desired weapon. It was then much better than a play to behold that heroic woman defying grimalkin from her eminence, and to listen to the changeful dialogue which ensued between herself and that far from dumb, though inarticulately speaking animal.

'Puss, puss, pussy—poor pussy.'

'Miau, miau, miau,' was the linked shrillness, long drawn out, of the feline reply.

'Poor old puss, then, was it ill? Puss, puss. Henry, the horrid beast is going to fly at me! Whist, whist, cat.'

'Ps-s-s-s, ps-s-s-s, miau; ps-s-s-s-s-s-s-s,' replied the other in a voice like fat in the fire.

'My dear love,' cried I, almost suffocated with a combination of laughter and quinsy, 'you have never opened the door: where is the poor thing to run to?'

Mrs B. had all this time been exciting the bewildered animal to frenzy by her conversation and shovel, without giving it the opportunity of escape, which, as soon as offered, it took advantage of with an expression of savage impatience partaking very closely indeed of the character of an oath.

This is, however, the sole instance of Mrs B.'s having ever taken it in hand to subdue her own alarms. It is I who, ever since her marriage, have done the duty, and more than the duty, of an efficient house-dog, which, before that epoch, I understand was wont to be discharged by one of her younger sisters. Not seldom, in these involuntary rounds of mine, I have become myself the cause of alarm or inconvenience to others. Our little foot-page, with a

courage beyond his years, and a spirit worthy of a better cause, very nearly transfixed me with the kitchen-spit as I was trying, upon one occasion, the door of his own pantry. Upon another nocturnal expedition, I ran against a human body in the dark—that turned out to be my brother-in-law's, who was also in search of robbers—with a shock to both our nervous systems such as they have not yet recovered from. It fell to my lot upon a third to discover one of the rural police up in our attics, where, in spite of the increased powers lately granted to the county constabulary, I could scarcely think he was entitled to be. I once presented myself, an uninvited guest, at a select morning entertainment—it was at 1.30 A.M.—given by our hired London cook to nearly a dozen of her male and female friends. No wonder that Mrs B. had 'staked her existence' that night that she had heard the area gate 'go.' When I consider the extremely free and unconstrained manner in which I was received, poker and all, by that assembly, my only surprise is that they did not signify their arrivals by double knocks at the front door.

On one memorable night, and on one only, have I found it necessary to use that formidable weapon which habit has rendered as familiar to my hand as its flower to that of the Queen of Clubs.

The gray of morning had just begun to steal into our bedchamber, when Mrs B. ejaculated with unusual vigour: 'Henry, Henry, they're in the front drawing-room; and they've just knocked down the parrot-screen.'

'My love,' I was about to observe, 'your imaginative powers have now arrived at the pitch of *clairvoyance*,' when a noise from the room beneath us, as if all the fire-irons had gone off together with a bang, compelled me to acknowledge to myself at least that there was something in Mrs B.'s alarms at last. I trod down stairs as noiselessly as I could, and in almost utter darkness. The drawing-room door was ajar, and through the crevice I could distinguish, despite the gloom, as many as three muffled figures. They were all of them in black clothing, and each wore over his face a mask of crape, fitting quite closely to his features. I had never been confronted by anything so dreadful before. Mrs B. had cried 'Wolf!' so often that I had almost ceased to believe in wolves of this description at all. Unused to personal combat, and embarrassed by the novel circumstances under which I found myself, I was standing undecided on the landing, when I caught that well-known whisper of 'Henry, Henry' from the upper story. The burglars caught it also. They desisted from their occupation of examining the articles of *vertu* upon the chimney-piece, while their fiendish countenances relaxed into a hideous grin. One of them stole cautiously towards the door where I was standing. I heard his burglarious feet, I heard the 'Henry, Henry!' still going on from above stairs; I heard my own heart pit-a-pat, pit-a-pat within me. It was one of those moments in which one lives a life. The head of the craped marauder was projected cautiously round the door, as if to listen. I poised my weapon, and brought it down with unerring aim upon his skull. He fell like a bullock beneath the axe; and I sped up to my bedchamber with all the noiselessness and celerity of a bird. It was I who locked the door this time, and piled the wash-hand-stand, two band-boxes, and a chair against it with the speed of lightning.

Was Mrs B. out of her mind with terror that at such an hour as that she should indulge in a paroxysm of mirth?

'Good heavens!' I cried, 'be calm, my love; there are burglars in the house at last.'

'My dear Henry,' she answered, laughing so that the tears quite stood in her eyes, 'I am very sorry; I

tried to call you back. But when I sent you down stairs, I quite forgot that this was the morning upon which I had ordered the sweeps!'

One of those gentlemen was at that moment lying underneath with his skull fractured, and it cost me fifteen pounds to get it mended, besides the expense of a new drawing-room carpet.

It is but fair to state the primary cause to which all Mrs B.'s alarms, and, by consequence, my own little personal inconveniences, are mainly owing. Mrs B.'s mamma was one of the last admirers of the *Old Manor House* and *Mysteries of the Castle* school of literature, and her daughters were brought up in her own faith: that Mrs Radcliffe was a painter of nature, as it appears on earth; and that Mr Matthew Lewis had been let into the great secret of what was going on—as they say at St Stephen's—'in another place.' So nervous, indeed, did my respected mother-in-law contrive to make herself throughout her lifetime, by the perusal of these her favourite books, that it was rumoured that she married each of her four husbands at least as much from a disinclination to be without a protector during the long watches of the night, as from any other cause. Mrs B. herself was haunted in her earlier years with the very unpleasant notion that she was what I believe the Germans call a *doppelgänger*: that there was a duplicate of her going about the world at the same time; and that some day or other—or night—they would have a distressing meeting. And, moreover, at last they did so, and in the following manner. Her mamma was residing for a few days at Keswick, supping full of horrors in the German division of the late Mr Southey's library every evening, and enjoying herself, doubtless, after her own peculiar fashion, when she suddenly felt ill, or thought she was falling, and sent a post-chaise, express, to fetch her daughter (Mrs B.), who happened to be staying at that time with some friends at Penrith. The long mountain road was then by no means a good one; and it may be easily imagined that nothing but filial duty would have induced my doppelgänger to have started upon such a journey at dusk—although it was sure to be a fine moonlight night—and alone. Mrs B., however, being warm and comfortable, went off to sleep very soon, like any boulder, nor did she wake until the chaise had skirted Ullswater, and was within a few miles of home. She had looked carefully under both seats, and even into the side-pockets of the carriage before starting, to make sure that there was no other passenger: and yet there was now a form sitting upon the opposite cushions—a female form, muffled up in much clothing, but with a face pale in the moonlight, with eyes half shut, yet with a look of haggard meaning in them, steadily fixed upon her own. It was herself! It was Mrs B.'s double! The dreadful hour was come. The poor girl closed her eyelids to keep off the horrid sight, and tried to reason with herself upon the impossibility of the thing being really there, but in vain. She had been thoroughly awake, she was sure; the vision was not the offspring of a dis-tempered brain, for she felt collected, and even almost calm. Venturing to steal another look at it, there it still sat, peering with half-shut eyes into her face with the same curious anxiety as before. Not even when they rambled over Keswick stones, nor until she felt herself being lifted out in the post-boy's arms, did she trust herself to look forth again. The carriage she had just quitted was empty. 'There was something sitting there, man,' said she solemnly, pointing to the vacant cushions. 'Yes, miss,' replied he, pointing to a huge package on the ground beside them; 'I promised to bring it on for a poor man, a cabinet-maker at Pooley Bridge, and seeing you were asleep when we stopped there, I made bold to put it upon the opposite seat. I hope it did not

inconvenience you, miss. It was only a looking-glass; and as I know pretty young ladies don't object to seeing themselves in looking-glasses, I turned its face towards you.'

## A STRUGGLE FOR LIFE AND RECOGNITION.

A SKETCH OF LITERARY HISTORY.

Is the latter half of the last century, the university of Leipsic was twice honoured in a way that is seldom the privilege of the same seat of learning: in the year 1765 Wolfgang Goethe, and in 1781 Friedrich Richter, matriculated in it. No further merit, however, belongs to Leipsic, either in the case of Goethe or of Jean Paul. A striking parallel is offered in the academic lives of the two poets at the Saxon university. The son of the Frankfurt patrician was designed for the study of jurisprudence, without either choice or opposition on his part; and with just as little personal preference the son of the widow of Hof was devoted to the study of theology. Both, at first, regularly attended certain lectures, rather, however, as critics than as students; both were accustomed, though yet mere lads, to regard themselves as equal to the men whom age and experience, office and distinction, had placed far above them, and to try their strength with every authority, fearless of an overthrow. Where is the wonder that the religious awe, with which they ought to have regarded such high dignitaries, had dwindled down to nothing? Both Goethe and Richter quickly separated themselves from all learned circles and companions, their original plans of study were abandoned, their intended professions—the law of the one, and the divinity of the other—were renounced in favour of a multitude of other objects; both worked hard in all directions, read books, and wrote poems, excerpts, and notices; neither of them received or expected any guidance from the university, but each laboured, by rigorous self-culture, to lay the foundation of his own intellectual life. Both roamed the fields and the woods, had a seeing eye and a sensitive mind for the beautiful and the living, recognised the great and the whole in the minute and the particle; both greatly preferred the blue heavens, the misty heights at morning dawn, the green forest, and silent nature in her peaceful majesty, to the speaking professors on their wooden chairs, and the choking atmosphere and dust of a lecture-room: on which account both were regarded as bad students. When young Goethe returned to his native city, many a tongue was eager to defame him; and in whatever company he appeared, whispers began to circulate about him as a wild and riotous youth. The scandal-mongers of Hof acted in just the same manner towards Richter, when he fancied he could go on with his writing just as well at his mother's, as in Leipsic, where he met with nothing but hunger and hardship: for years he was regarded as a wild and unbridled genius. Twice ten years afterwards, the best and noblest spirits of the time listen to the words of the sage of Weimar as to an oracle; and ladies of quality are found crowding the antechamber of the author of *Titan*, begging a lock of his hair.

In the features presented, Richter's residence in Leipsic bore a perfect resemblance to that of Goethe; in others, the most striking distinctions are apparent. The university men set up a loud laugh at the Frankfurt freshman, on account of his old-fashioned wardrobe; but at the same time they secretly envied him for the large remittances and letters of credit with which he was furnished. Jean Paul met with no ridicule on account of his large wardrobe, but with plenty because of his poor and torn attire; instead of having credit at the bankers, he was only too happy when he could earn his dinner from day to day. Goethe

took private lessons of painters and artists for recreation and pleasure; Richter gave them, 'because the prison fare of bread and water depended upon them.' From Oeser's studio Goethe sauntered to the drawing-room of the Breitkopf family, or gossiped at the Clavier with Corona Schröter, or dined and danced at the hotel at Dölitz with mine host's amiable daughter, or wrote songs for Annette Schönkopf, and played them with her. Jean Paul lodged in an out-of-the-way garret, and the only visits he paid were to beg: if they had only been successful! Bankruptcy was advancing with rapid strides upon the finances of the young theologian, every prop of his house was failing, the widow was alone with her infant children, and under the pressure of extreme destitution, wrote bitter lamentations. Fate seemed to have let her blood-hounds loose upon our hero. It was not that poverty which Horace admonishes the Roman youth to accustom themselves to look upon, which had burst upon him—

Angustam, amice, pauperiem pati  
Robustus acri militia puer  
Condiscat—

poverty not in the form of hardness and abstemiousness, but in the shape of ghastly, hollow-eyed destitution. He pressed his suit among the professors, but the professors had amanuenses and *famuli*, native lads of the town, and most diligent attendants at lectures, whose exemplary virtues secured them the preference. The situations were few, and the applicants many. Strangers coming to Leipsic found the local charities reserved for local purposes.

The battle-field tries the quality of our armour. Weak souls bend before the first storm of adversity; not so, however, the brave spirits that have within them an unconquerable strength and freedom of will, and proud hearts, that nothing can crush. Richter, perhaps, was fired with some thoughts of ambition when he exchanged the solitude of his quiet village for the driving bustle of Leipsic; dreamy fancies hovered round him when he was in company with distinguished men of science, and a gentle voice whispered to him that he would one day be as famous as any of them. The day of hope had dawned brilliantly on his horizon, but as rapidly as a dream its glow vanished before the rough realities of the world. Jean Paul was not disposed, however, to admit that evening had come down upon his soul. It is true, dark thoughts did at times steal upon him, but a livelier, loftier stoicism taught him to overcome them. He possessed a bold, elastic humour; and all his unsuccessful suits, vain toils, and thick-coming misfortunes, he used to welcome with a quiet and severe irony. 'Misfortune,' he used to say, 'is like a nightmare—the moment you begin to fight with it, or to bestir yourself, it is gone. What is poverty? Where is he that complains of it? The pain is only like the piercing of a maiden's ears, in order to hang jewels in the wounds.' A youth who feels and reasons in this way, and who studies his reasonings with such poetry, will find or make a way for himself in the world. 'Viam aut inveniam aut faciam!' as his motto expresses it.

He set out with the conviction that the only successful plan of resisting sufferings, destitution, and starvation, was downright uninterrupted work. He began, mindful of his maxim, by preparing for flight. He had now finally abandoned theology; literary labours must henceforth be the stay of his life. In his little bow-windowed chamber, the philosopher of nineteen thinks and writes night and day. The *Greenland Processes* are ready. The manuscript is taken to the nearest bookseller, and in an hour is returned to its author. A second, a third proposal, with like results. Now he goes about among the publishers, imploring them, as he had before done the professors, and with

the like invariable refusals. How ignorant of the world this scribbler must be, to fancy that a publisher who knows what he is about, will, in circumstances so unfavourable to the bookselling craft—which indeed always exist!—undertake, as soon as he is asked, the printing of a work whose author has never been heard of, whom no one patronises, no one recommends! What prodigious assumption, too, to expect payment! If the work had been of a popular nature, and he had said nothing about twenty louis-d'ors, the case might have been different, but a book like that, and a price!

The *Greenland Processes* continued to wander from one office to another, from this city to that, their author in the meanwhile having to solve the problem, whether it were possible to live upon nothing, and how? At length a Potosi was discovered in Berlin: an adventurous speculator, Voss by name, purchased the right, for sixteen louis—a reduction of four from the twenty—of bringing Jean Paul into the market!

I scarcely know with what to compare the feeling of a young writer who holds his first printed essay in his hands: a joy, a pride overpowers him—an ecstasy that swells all the higher from the consciousness (whether he will confess it or not) that he has taken the first step towards immortality. The critics take care to dispel all such pleasing illusions. A letter from his mother did the work as effectually in the mind of the author of the *Greenland Processes*. The good woman, hearing that her son had published a book, began to believe it at last possible that he might actually produce a sermon: so she wrote to Friedrich, desiring him to come to Hof, where there was a chance of his being permitted to preach in the Hospital Church. Such a proposal operated like a cold bath on any remains there might have been of the author's self-satisfaction. Jean Paul's answer shews he thought no better of his private critic than modern writers do of official reviewers. 'What is a sermon,' returned he, 'but something every student can make and deliver? But do you suppose that all your clergymen in Hof can understand a line of my book, to say nothing of being able to write it?'

Unfortunately for Richter, the speculation Voss embarked in did not succeed: the *Greenland Processes* was printed, but nobody bought or read the book. The world had something better to do; far greater trifles claimed its attention. The Cagliostroans and Rosicrucians occupied the attention of politicians; the fashionable world was just then horrified at the wife of one of the court-councillors passing the lady of the president without greeting her. In another rank, a dreadful tale was going the round of the tea-tables: the comptroller's wife, forgetful of her station, had given orders for a new velvet mantle with a broad fringe! A new actress had appeared in one of the theatres, or some syren's bell-like voice was to be heard; to-day there was to be a procession, and to-morrow a deserter was to be shot. How, in the face of so many comedies and tragedies, could time or inclination be found for reading the *Greenland Processes*? Just as the public ignored the work, so did the critics. Editors and reviewers disdained to notice a writer who had neither contributed to nor corresponded with them. A solitary scribe in Leipzig condescended, with an undisguised sneer, to notice the work in these terms: 'Much, perhaps all, the author has written with great bitterness against literature, theology, wives, cock-combs, &c., may be true, but we have no doubt whatever that the attempt at wit, which is evident on every page, will excite disgust in the mind of the rational reader, and lead him to throw the book aside with contempt.'

A potosi of sixteen louis-d'ors is very soon exhausted; a fresh shaft must be sunk. The *Selections from the Papers of the Devil* was tried; but Voss declined the publication, vehemently protesting that he had

suffered quite enough loss by the *Greenland Processes*. The manuscript travelled over all Germany, and from every journey returned with the invariable reply: 'We thank you for your esteemed offer, but regret that our time and resources are fully engrossed by other undertakings.'

A ship is dashed to pieces on a rock; the crew are drowning; boards and planks, spars and masts, are drifting about amid the waves; from the surging flood a hand is thrust up; it grasps a beam, and holds fast by it, and the elements lose one of their victims. The demons of the sea are laughing; sure of their prey, they mock the struggle of the swimmer: 'Look, poor wretch; stare your very eyes blind; wave your white signal in the wind, and burst with your wail of anguish: but no sail comes in sight. Tremble, and say your last prayer, if you can; for see, there swims the shark: a moment, and all is over with you!' The situation has often been represented in smaller or larger paintings: it was the situation of Richter. He had shouted himself hoarse, and the only answer to his cry had been the murmur of the waves; he had looked himself blind, and the white sail—the letter that announced the acceptance of his manuscript—had never hove in sight. The shark swims towards him—the prospect of disgrace and destitution! Are his lips uttering their last prayer? No! Richter will fight with the shark for life or death.

Weeks and months rush past us like the wind; we see not from whence the whirlwind comes nor whither it goes. A morning chases away the evening; to-day replaces yesterday; we complete another year, we know not how, we whose lives are happy, or even tolerably so. But the poor, the unfortunate? Time flies with rapid wing over plenty and enjoyment, but slowly the days and hours of poverty drag their lengths along. In winter, spring is longed for on account of its lengthening days and greater warmth; in summer, the shorter days of autumn are looked forward to, which yield a few hours more rest to the weary body. In this manner, during his three years' residence in Leipzig, Jean Paul told off his evil hours and dreary days; he deluged the journals and newspapers with essays and treatises, wrote verses to order, also congratulations and wedding-eve jokes, and filled whole chests with the extracts he had made from borrowed books. By this means, indeed, he became possessed of a library, for books he did not possess. A vehement, but yet measured, heat burned within him. Necessity and destitution had lost their sting for him; he has looked despair in the face, and found that it has nothing maddening for him. His philosophy consoles him with the assurance that hunger and nakedness, perils and contempt, yea oftentimes the cross and the poisoned cup, have been the reward the world has given for wisdom. In all ages and countries the world has neglected its benefactors and persecuted its poets and instructors: Roger Bacon and Galileo pined away in the prisons of the inquisition; Torquato Tasso was confined in the cell of a madhouse; Camoens died in the streets of Lisbon, a beggar; and Burns, a thoroughbred steed of Phebus, was compelled to drudge all his days in the gear of a cart-horse. But the gold that is thrown into the hottest melting-pot comes out the purest, and the canary-bird sings all the sweeter the longer it has been trained in a darkened cage.

Jean Paul betook himself to literature, in the first instance, as the only means of providing himself with a living; he wrote, in fact, to get money—to live. In the further prosecution of this course, the material aim gradually began to disappear. Jean Paul will labour on, and think and feel, and will still demand, and at length receive recognition; literature ceases to be a means, and becomes an end with him; the struggle for existence merges in a struggle for recognition.

Many years ago, at Paris, in the early dawn, a young

man was discovered hanging under the eaves of a house, close by the trellis of a window. A thin silken cord tightly twisted round his throat, had done the hangman's work. The scene quickly attracted all the curious and the idle. The noble, aristocratic features of the dead, the delicate white hands, plainly shewed that the unfortunate man had at one time occupied a higher position than the tattered clothes in which he was concealed would lead one to suppose. His person was searched for papers that might throw some light upon the event; nothing was found, however; he had kept everything to himself like a true philosopher. Passers-by at length identified him. This suicide in rags was one of the most distinguished and brilliant geniuses of modern French literature, whose wit threw every saloon and boudoir into ecstacy—Gerhard de Nerval. In order that he might live, he also had grasped the pen, and had looked hopefully forward to recognition and distinction. He had been living a long while dissatisfied and miserable; by night, he roamed through the streets of the great city like a runaway dog; his desk and seat were the table and bench of the commonest tavern; he frequently sought sleep and oblivion in the most wretched dens, side by side with thieves and the most reprobate of beings, the scum of humanity. Thus had he been thrust about till, all hopes being now at an end, he bethought him that dying was perhaps a little better than living. He had looked for a home, and now the great quartermaster, death, had at length assigned him an abode.

Whatever may be thought of this suicide, it is unquestionably the nobler heroism which enables a man to endure, without rest or weariness, to the last. That Jean Paul, in his darkest hours when crushed to the lowest extremity by the miseries of the world, never lost faith in himself, never listened to the gloomy tempter, but 'laughed so long in the face of fortune that it began to smile upon him in return'—this indeed commands admiration as a rare and worthy heroism.

He left Leipzig in 1784, and went to live with his mother, in Hof: here he found a night's lodging, at least free of cost, and here he could go about without being pointed to as a beast broken loose from a menagerie, when he walked the streets without a wig, with open breast, and no neck-tie. In this respect, the people of Hof were more tolerant than a certain Leipzig *magister*, who—probably not remembering how the cynic Diogenes, in tattered garb, had trodden the pride of Plato under foot—had written to the wigless and collarless youth in peremptory terms, demanding the immediate discontinuance of the public nuisance.

A student has to accommodate himself to his needy circumstances as well as he can. 'Nowhere,' as we read in Richter's own day-book, 'does one collect poverty's siege-coins more merrily and philosophically than at the university. The academic citizen proves how many humorists and cynics Germany contains.' But it is doubly painful when the man of mature age has to pass year after year enduring the same, or it may be even greater hardships; of this, Jean Paul had a torturing experience after his settlement at Hof. On the posts of his doors he wrote in large characters: 'Dear Christian friends, you perceive that I have not much money, what inference do you draw from it?' On passing the door, one entered a narrow chamber; at the window, sitting on a wooden stool, was our hero, thinking and labouring; the rest of the apartment was occupied with the washing his mother had taken in. At another time, the mother is seen busily plying her distaff. An account of what mother and son earned in this way was carefully kept; a little account-book, relating 'how much we gained by spinning,' has been preserved. According to this, the receipts of the family, in March 1793, amounted to 2 florins, 51 kreutzers,

3 pence; in April, to 4 florins, 3 kreutzers; in May, to 4 florins, 9 kreutzers, 3 pf., &c., &c. Against the entry of 2 florins, 1 kreutzer, the sum received in September 1794, it is observed that, on the 9th of this same month of September, a new pair of boots was purchased for the youngest son Samuel, 'which cost 3 thalers, about the whole quarter's income.'

A writer will be pardoned for anything but tediousness. I fear I shall become tedious, or shall weary the patience of the reader, if I devote one page to tell how the tears of Richter's mother fell down upon her web or into her wash-tub—how affliction and silent grief preyed upon the heart of the aging woman like a gnawing worm, as her first-born son, whose laborious industry she watched, began to sicken; the lion who fought with royal courage became a lamb; her son had discontinued his usual and regular walks, his pleasure in life seemed to be extinguished, and the mirthful sally with which he used to deal out consolation was silent; the gentry of Hof affirmed that he was half-crazy, and the judgment was rapidly and universally endorsed.

His quietness, however, which pained his mother, was not an unstringing of his spirits or the submissiveness of despair, nor was his resignation the coldness of apathy; he had made a bargain with the longings of his heart, had made his peace with the world. Agony has ceased to make him complain. 'There is not a case in which I have not deserved my affliction. Every unpleasant sensation is an indication that I am untrue to my resolutions. Epictetus was not unhappy.' What does it matter to him what may be the opinions of his worship the mayor, or of his reverence the parson? 'Men for the most part judge very pitifully; why are you so anxious for the praise of children or of fools? No man honours you in a beggar's coat; be not therefore proud of the respect that is shewn to your clothes.' How just! Wo to the man who has no appeal from the judgment of the world! he is a lost man! 'Let one,' as a certain critic remarks, 'observe the public in a theatre: the life of a man is here compressed within a period of three hours; it is played upon the open stage with brilliant lights and with all the appliances that human art and oratory can suggest to render it clear and simple, and still, after the curtain falls, how diversified are the opinions the public pass upon both the hero and the play.' But now let it be supposed that the drama is not concluded in three hours, but that it lasts during a man's whole lifetime, that it is not represented with any effort towards clearness, that upon many episodes no streams of gaslight fall, and that we have no clue to many situations, no motive for many actions; and that the world or the critical public during the representation is occupied in divers ways, bestowing its attention for a moment now here, and now there. Where is the wonder, then, if that world condemns where the drama cannot be reviewed according to the common gauge of the three Aristotelian unities, but must be measured by its own particular rules—or, metaphor aside, when the object of criticism is a man of original genius and character?

The soul of the Doric hero rose all the clearer and more unconquerable from the depth of its sorrows and oppressions, its humiliation and deprivations, after the twelve labours. The angry goddess is appeased; on Æta commences the apotheosis of the son of the gods. For Jean Paul, also, the hour strikes when the inexorable forces of destiny at length cry 'Hold!' In the year 1796, the startling story of *Hesperos* issued from the little washing and spinning chamber: it obtained for its author, in all the states of Germany, that for which he had laboured—recognition. 'What a god-genius,' writes the octogenarian Gleim, 'is our Friedrich Richter! Here is more than Shakspeare, I say to myself, in more than fifty passages I have

underlined. I am perfectly enraptured at the genius from which these streams, these rills, these Rhine-falls, these Blandusian springs issue and irrigate humanity, and if I am displeased to-day at some sentences such as the muses have not inspired, or even with the plan itself, I shall not be so to-morrow.

The fight for existence and recognition is fought out; sunshine breaks through the clouds; henceforth the star of Jean Paul shines brightly in the heavens.

### YOUNG BENGAL.

AMIDST all the shortcomings of our western civilisation in British India, but more especially in Bengal—amidst all our disappointments, and our regrets at the barren crop of results from the labours of a century, we may point to one small section of the native community, who, if they be not with us, are certainly not against us: we allude to 'Young Bengal.' Readers who have heard of 'Young England,' of 'Young France,' and other juvenile embodiments of national movements, will at once perceive who are intended by the term Young Bengal; though they may hitherto have been in complete ignorance of the existence of such a class of persons in this part of British India.

Amongst the natives of Hindostan, whether Hindoo or Mussulman, we find men of all ages who are advanced in their ideas, who have imbibed certain notions more or less tinged by civilisation, who possess a certain taste for European things. There are many rajahs of Bengal who ape European life and habits, who are driven by English coachmen, furnish their mansions in English style, read English books and newspapers, and seek English society. The rajah of Bithoor, the Nena Sahib of infamous notoriety, was one of this class of men. Civilisation had indeed reached him, but it had come too late; it had exerted no softening influence on his heart or his mind: he was the same fanatical, bigoted Mussulman as ever. Civilisation had not even taught him worldly wisdom, or he must have felt how unequal, how hopeless the contest with British power.

Such as these are not comprised in the term Young Bengal. The class of Hindoos we allude to, though perhaps not of more promise to a superficial observer than such as the above, are, in our opinion, the men who shall hereafter do much for India; men who cannot stand still, who must progress, even though not in the true path. This class of young men is by no means small, nor contemptible; and though they have as yet made but small demonstration, though they must be sought for if to be found, it is beyond a doubt not an unimportant part they will enact at no distant day.

Whence come they? Of what class are they? They have sprung from the class-rooms of the government colleges. They are of no particular caste, or class, or section of native society; amongst them may be found the sons of rajahs, of zemindars, of baboos, of shroffs, of brokers and traders. But this one fact must be borne in mind—they are all descended from the *Brahminical* race. Not one Mussulman, not a single follower of the Prophet of Mecca is to be found in their ranks. Those stiff-necked, stubborn disciples of the Koran remain as they were a thousand years ago, and as they will be found a thousand years hence. They never change or progress; they are neither softened nor civilised; they have still the

same undying hate for every 'dog of a Christian,' for every unbelieving Feringhee, as of old; and though they may seldom find it convenient or prudent to make manifestation of their true feelings, we must not the less be on our guard against these fanatics, who deem it a matter of high and holy merit to murder an unbeliever. There are scores, nay, hundreds of such men as these who have gained much learning at the government expense, who are tolerably deep-read in much of our literature, and to some extent in science; but all this is coveted merely as a means of obtaining employment in official positions. In this they have been wondrously successful, and the Indian executive have for a long time past omitted no opportunity of promoting these fluent plausible Mohammedans even to the exclusion of Christians. Well, the government have sown the storm, and they have reaped the whirlwind. The foremost men in the present murderous rebellion are Mohammedans. Every Mussulman official in Upper Bengal and in the North-west Provinces has turned against us, has obeyed the dictates of his faith, and drawn his sword upon us 'dogs of unbelievers.' We shall look in vain amongst this class of men for one to join the swelling ranks of Young Bengal.

The government of the East India Company found themselves assailed, some time since, for sluggishness in the cause of education. They resolved that the reproach should no longer attach to them, and accordingly an order went forth for large grants for educational purposes. Colleges were built, philosophical 'chairs' were established, professors with strange names and huge beards were imported, highly paid inspectors were appointed, and annual reports drawn up and placed in type for England's satisfaction; and the cry is now: 'See what we have done!' Well, they have at least succeeded in rearing Young Bengal; but beyond that one first result, it is hard to lay one's hand upon any perceptible effect upon the vast masses of the people of India. The bulk of the population, indeed, has not been reached; we, and our schools, and our books, are as much strangers to them as we were fifty years since.

But what of Young Bengal? The government colleges and their professors have between them wrought a great change in the thoughts and dispositions, and even in the career of most of the young students. At a cost of about eighty or ninety pounds sterling per annum for each pupil, the Company has managed to instil large quantities of classical and British literature into the minds of the Hindoo scholars. An acquaintance with pure science has been less general, very many young lads contenting themselves with a knowledge of general literature, devouring with much zest Shakspeare, Milton, Byron, Moore, and our long range of prose writers, from Dr Johnson to Douglas Jerrold. Anything more solid than this they appear to have systematically eschewed as indigestible food. They were content to catch ideas, to be able to quote freely high-sounding sentences, without any practical application.

The peculiar qualities of the Bengalee mind—its elasticity, its pliability, its susceptibility—fitted it especially for the reception of theories, for the appreciation of poetical adornments; and thus at the end of a student's career in the chief Calcutta college, he came out in no way fitted for an active career,

in no way prepared to become a useful member of society, even as so-called society there exists, but replete with much to render him discontented, and too frequently unhappy.

Nothing could possibly exceed the magnificence and extent of the government educational establishments in Calcutta for rearing Hindoo atheists. The ease, the comfort, the luxury of the spacious apartments and halls of these 'godless colleges,' cannot by any means be excelled. The audience-chamber of the ancient Mogul kings of Delhi, the spacious courts of the old Assyrian palaces, the dwelling-places of Belus and Nimrod, the amphitheatres of Athens and Rome, were not more noble than the great halls and lecture-rooms of the City of Palaces. There, in those cold shady recesses, far removed from the glare, the dust, and the scorching heat of a Bengal day in September, the young rajahs and incipient baboos reclined beneath grateful punkahs, upon soft inviting cushions, listening with half-closed ears, with drowsy eyes and nodding head, to the oft-repeated verses, the well-conned chapter, but too glad when the hour approached for their departure, when the evening drive and the nightly carouse came to wind up the daily routine of their listless student-life.

Young Bengal is not so very young but that he has a wife. In India, however, marriages take place at about the age at which in England young gentlemen would be breeched; and young Hindoo ladies are not unfrequently betrothed immediately after cutting their last teeth, so that it does not amount to much to say that all our college students of the first and second classes are married. Most of them drive to college in carriages that would not discredit Hyde Park; some few drawn by valuable 'pairs;' but some also borne along by the real Hindoo hack, all bone and skin, whilst tattered red curtains are fluttering wildly from the windows. With this singular race, there is but one step from the magnificent to the mean, from the princely to the paltry. They recognise nothing like respectability; they know nothing but the extremes of luxury and dirt.

We have said that these young students—the hope of their country—are married; and in this we at once find one certain evil result of their own highly finished half-education. Cultivated as their tastes may be far above the old-caste prejudices of their race, these men have all married women utterly unlettered; for to this time, education is all but unknown amongst the females of the higher classes of natives; it has made some way amongst lower castes, but there it has remained. So long accustomed to the highly seasoned intellectual food of the colleges, Young Bengal turns with indifference, if not with disgust, from her who should be his best and constant companion and helpmate, to find the solace, the wit, the thought, the knowledge of passing events in some less legitimate acquaintance—in one who has made it her study to minister to the vitiated tastes of the frequenters of the gay mansions in Durrumtollah and the Circular Road. The wife who was good enough for one of this class of Hindoos before education lifted him from his former place in native society, is no longer to be tolerated; hence a wide schism in the houses of the race, where the evenings and the nights of Young Bengal are but too seldom passed.

It is not difficult to ascertain the creed of this school of Hindoos. Amongst their own families and friends, they are still disciples of Brahma and Vishnu. The Rhat Jattr, the Doorga Poojah, and other great Hindoo festivals, find them foremost in the ranks of devotees: they are still the same faithful, constant attendants at the temples of their forefathers. But question them on their belief in the scenes and ceremonies they are taking a part

in, and they will not hesitate to tell you how completely they despise the old creed of Siva and Vishnu; how thoroughly their European studies have taught them the folly and absurdity of faith in any such vain religion; and that they attend the Hindoo festivals merely to please their mothers or their wives.

No member of the fraternity of Young Bengal has yet found courage to speak out boldly before the world and tell their unbelief. They shrink from the consequences; they dare not take a step which, whilst it would assuredly entail upon them the anathemas of their families, and banishment from all Hindoo society, would at the same time procure them no admission within European circles. In British India, the line of demarcation between white and black, between European and Asiatic, has been so unmistakably drawn, so rigidly enforced, as to be impassable. There is something, however, more fatal even than colour or caste tending to exclude Young Bengal from any sympathy from Europeans: it is their scepticism. With but very few exceptions, these young men are atheists, and to us openly, avowedly so. The teachings of the government professors have indeed destroyed the old superstitions of the land, but they have failed in replacing them with anything more worthy of belief. They have learned so thoroughly to despise the ancient creed of their ancestors, that knowing nothing of the one living faith, they have flung themselves into the arms of unbelief, swearing by the words of Voltaire and Tom Paine.

No Epicureans of the ancients ever revelled in more enervating luxury and voluptuous ease and idleness than the upper ranks of Young Bengal. Their private life reads like the chronicles of Nineveh, the diary of some imperial Roman. The early indolence of the morning; the late and costly breakfast; the mid-day bath; the lounging on soft couches, and listening to melodious poetry; the evening drive; the lamp-lit meal, the music and gay female company, the late wine-cup and midnight song—such is but a faint though truthful picture of the everyday life of Young Bengal.

But let us not forget to except some few more honourable men than such as these. We can count up half a score of names of Hindoos who, amidst all their learning, have not run wild, nor rushed into vicious excesses, who ply their pens, and though not as rightly so as we could wish to see, still use them honestly and vigorously. One of the most able weekly journals of Calcutta is not only conducted, but written throughout by a young Hindoo pupil of the government college. The articles from his pen, though sometimes errant, are, on the whole, able and instructive. He is a Brahmin of high family, and has to this time remained true to his family faith.

It is impossible not to regard this enlarging class of young men with interest. It remains to be seen what their children will become, and whether, feeling their own want of sympathy from uneducated wives, they will have courage to give their daughters instruction not less than their sons. This is already happening in some few instances; let us hope the example may be widely followed; and from that time may be dated a new and brighter era for British India. None save they who have dwelt in the far east, and who have known the Hindoo in his home, can say truly how servile and debased is the career of such a man's wife. Her mind left a barren waste without one single elevating or generous principle, what can be expected from her, and what can be hoped from the rising generation intrusted to her care for so many long years!

The great work of enlightenment, of Christianising, must be done through the wives and daughters of

Young Bengal. Once admit the light of day into the private chambers of the Hindoos, and we shall quickly behold a wondrous change. Until that can be done, we but labour in vain—we do but as yet sow the seeds of unbelief, of domestic discord and unhappiness.

### DIPSOMANIA.

In the progress of events, new scientific terms are continually making their appearance; the last is perhaps Dipsomania—a craving for intoxicating liquors which partakes of the character of insanity; the term being compounded of the Greek words for *thirst* and *madness*. Whether thirst, in the usual meaning of the word, has anything to do with the maddened propensity for drinking, is of no consequence. The name now given to the disease will do as well as any other; and under whatever phraseology, we are glad to find that the medical world is at length concerning itself with one of the most distressing forms of mental derangement.

Tipplers, hard-drinkers, men who go off on a drunken ramble, as it is called, for days or weeks, are nothing singular. We have all seen or heard of such persons—an annoyance they are to society, a discredit to themselves. These, however, are not dipsomaniacs. Applying to the subject the nomenclature of natural history, the genus drinker consists of two species—he who, with intervals of common-sense, relieved at worst with short fits of delirium, still puts a good face on affairs, and conducts himself on the whole pretty fairly; and he who, by a peculiar condition of brain, sinks under a chronic and uncontrollable appetite for intoxicants: this last being the dipsomaniac proper. The law, which always drags heavily at the heels of general intelligence, has not yet been able to make any distinction in the drinking species; and accordingly, however far a man be gone in dipsomania, however confirmed in this kind of madness, and however incapable of thinking or acting correctly—in fact, if he should fall into ruin himself, and ruin all about him—still, legally, he is not insane; and in defiance of common sense, he goes at large, no magistrate being authorised to grant a warrant for his apprehension and confinement.

So very extraordinary a stretch of respect for 'the liberty of the subject' is beginning to attract attention. An improved knowledge of mental disease now makes it evident that the dipsomaniac is as completely an irresponsible being as he who is affected by other forms of lunacy. It may be that, in the first instance, he has brought his disease on himself; he has, perhaps, in that eager pursuit of business and desire to be rich, which is the scandal of the present age, greatly overtasked his brain—worked hard all day, mistimed his meals, sat up late, taken no outdoor exercise, kept his mind on the rack, and to sustain nature, resorted to stimulants. So much may be admitted: we may look on the victim as self-immolated; but what then? From whatever cause men become maniacs, it is surely the duty of society to see that they are restrained from committing grievous wrong, and subjected to a humane and remedial mode of treatment.

A perusal of the lately issued pamphlet of Dr Alexander Peddie of Edinburgh,\* ought to remove any doubts which may be entertained respecting the actual nature of the drinking insanity. Speaking of the diseased state of the dipsomaniac, this writer observes: 'I consider that his condition is strictly one of combined moral and mental insanity, and the consequence of a vicious impulsive propensity—for I cannot in such a case denominate it simply as a vice;

and I regard it as rendering him incapable of the exercise of social duties and civil rights; and not merely so, but as lessening and altering the nature of his culpability in reference to crime, and thereby his liability to punishment of the same kind, or to the same extent, as the other members of the community. That the excessive uncontrollable desire for intoxicating drinks is a disease, and that it is symptomatic of some abnormal cerebral condition which gives it the character of a form of insanity, cannot be doubted; and it should be always kept in mind that this condition is not so much produced by intoxicating drinks, as it is by that which created the desire for them.' As to the manifestation of insanity, it may be 'addictedness to drinks, as well as to hallucination of ideas. To declare whether it is so, or not, is as much a question for medical skill in the former case as in the latter. But medical observation has declared that dipsomania is a physical proof of mental disorganisation, and therefore it appears to me that such cases stand exactly on the same footing as other forms of insanity; and that, as it never has been questioned that government may deal with insanity, it seems to be equally within its province to deal with dipsomania. Surely, viewed in the light of common sense, and sifted and scrutinised by the strictest rules of induction, the confirmed dipsomaniac ought to be regarded as of "unsound mind," or, as I would rather call it, "diseased mind," *non compos mentis*, and should be taken care of for his own sake, for the welfare of his family, and for the good of society.'

The remarkable thing about the dipsomaniac is his want of power to restrain himself. With certain faculties still active, he knows that he ought not to drink, yet he cannot help drinking. In medical language, the crave is upon him. 'The main desire of his life is how to obtain liquor; his capacity for business is confined to the means of gratifying his leading desire; moral control has lost its sway over him; he has no power to resist the propensity whenever gratification is within his reach; he has, in fact, become the involuntary slave of the vice, and would sacrifice his last sixpence or his shirt, or sell his soul to the devil, for one drop more, rather than be disappointed. Yet, strange to say, the poor creature, in this condition, has no pleasure in drinking. He takes it, not sippingly and with *gusto*, enjoying it as the *bon vivant* does, socially or convivially, but gulps it down in large quantities, away from society and observation, and even as it were a drug; and the only satisfaction derived from the act is, that it secures blunted feeling, insensibility to the wretched state of mind which prompts the desire, and an escape from the fancied miseries of his existence. When this has gone on for some time, although a suspension of the use of stimulants be imposed by the interference of friends, or by the occurrence of an attack of either of the two resulting forms of delirium, yet his mind has suffered so materially, that, unless continued control be exercised over him, and this for a very considerable time—which is not often practicable in the present usages of society, and is contrary, as I have shewn, to the common law of the land—he returns immediately like the dog "to his vomit, and like the sow that was washed to her wallowing in the mire;" and his progress towards some incurable form of insanity, or to an early death from some other superinduced disease, is certain. His moral faculties become more and more diseased, his intellectual powers weakened, disturbed, or at last even annihilated. He becomes either facile or wasteful, or incapacitated for transacting the ordinary business of life, or he is mischievous, and commits homicide or suicide; these various results being induced according as his natural disposition and passions may urge, or his hereditary predisposition may incline, or some previous injury of the head or

\* *The Necessity for some Legalised Arrangements for the Treatment of Dipsomania.* By Alexander Peddie, M.D. 1858.

disease of the brain may precipitate him. That such, more or less, is the condition of the dipsomaniac, and that these consequences may, and do, frequently result, cannot be disputed. And yet, because the unhappy victim of this disease does not fall strictly under the present legal definition of unsoundness in mind, he is permitted to go at liberty; any interference in the shape of control is illegal, and his nearest and best friends, and he himself, are deprived of the only means by which his cure could be effected, and his restoration as a useful member of society accomplished. He is thus permitted, without any barrier being placed, or allowed to be placed, in the way, to hurry himself on to ruin, reducing his own family, it may be, to beggary, perhaps even to disgrace, and at last to accomplish his own sad death, or be convicted and punished for some criminal act committed in an hour of intoxicated madness, for which he is nevertheless held responsible in the eye of the law. In the latter case, indeed, the total neglect of the law to provide for this humiliating disease, is well illustrated by its viewing that very circumstance, which had deprived the criminal of self-control, to be, not a palliation, but an aggravation of his guilt.

The remedy proposed for this deliberate injustice and inhumanity, is the establishment of asylums, distinct altogether from those for ordinary lunatics, to which, by medical certificates under proper authority, the unfortunate class of dipsomaniacs may be consigned. It is believed that in a variety of instances, a short retirement would have the effect of so restoring a healthy state of brain that the maniacal appetite for liquor would disappear, and the patient be either sent home effectually cured to his friends, or allowed to assume the management of his affairs within the limits of the asylum. When the public mind is more fully awakened to the benefits of this mode of treatment, we may expect that legislation will be brought to bear on the subject.

## OCEOLA:

### A ROMANCE.

#### CHAPTER XLIV.—AN ECLAIRCISSEMENT.

THESE were the shadows upon the water promised by Haj-Ewa—black shadows upon my heart.

Mad queen of the Micosacs! what have I done to deserve this torture? Thou too my enemy! Had I been thy deadliest foe, thou couldst scarcely have contrived a keener sting for thy vengeance.

Face to face stood Maimee and her lover—seduced and seducer. I had no doubt as to the identity of either. The moonbeam fell upon both—no longer with soft silvery light, but gleaming rude and red, like the chandeliers of a bagnio. It may have been but a seeming—the reflection of an inflamed imagination that influenced me from within; but my belief in her innocence was gone—hopelessly gone; the very air seemed tainted with her guilt—the world appeared a chaos of debauchery and ruin.

I had no other thought than that I was present at a scene of assignation. How could I think otherwise? No signs of surprise were exhibited by either, as they came together. They met as those who have promised to come—who have often met before.

Evidently each expected the other. Though other emotions declared themselves, there was not the slightest sign of novelty in the encounter.

For me, it was a terrible crisis. The anguish of a whole life compressed into the space of a single moment could not have been more unendurable. The blood seemed to scald my heart as it gushed through. So acute was the pang, I could scarcely restrain myself from crying aloud.

An effort—a stern determined effort—and the three was over. Firmly bracing my nerves—firmly grasping the branches—I clung to my seat, resolved to know more.

That was a fortunate resolution. Had I at that moment given way to the wild impulse of passion, and sought a reckless revenge, I should in all likelihood have carved out for myself a long lifetime of sorrow. Patience proved my guardian angel, and the end was otherwise.

Not a word—not a motion—not a breath. What will they say?—what do?

My situation was like his of the suspended sword. On second thoughts, the simile is both trite and untrue: the sword had already fallen; it could wound me no more. I was as one paralysed both in body and soul—impervious to further pain.

Not a word—not a motion—not a breath. What will they say?—what do?

The light is full upon Maimee; I can see her from head to foot. How large she has grown—a woman in all her outlines, perfect, entire. And her loveliness has kept pace with her growth. Larger, she is lovelier than ever. Demon of jealousy! art thou not content with what thou hast already done? Have I not suffered enough? Why hast thou presented her in such witching guise? O that she were scarred, hideous, hag-like—as she shall yet become! Even thus to see her, would be some satisfaction—an anodyne to my chafed soul.

But it is not so. Her face is sweetly beautiful—never so beautiful before. Soft and innocent as ever—not a line of guilt can be traced on those placid features—not a gleam of evil in that round, rolling eye! The angels of heaven are beautiful; but they are good. Oh, who could believe in crime concealed under such loveliness as hers?

I expected a more meretricious mien. There was a scintillation of cheer in the disappointment.

Do not suppose that these reflections occupied time. In a few seconds they passed through my mind, for thought is quicker than the magnetic shock. They passed while I was waiting to hear the first words that, to my surprise, were for some moments unspoken. To my surprise: I could not have met her in such fashion. My heart would have been upon my tongue, and my lips—

I see it now. The hot burst of passion is past—the spring-tide of love has subsided—such an interview is no longer a novelty—perhaps he grows tired of her, foul libertine that he is! See! they meet with some shyness. Coldness has arisen between them—a love quarrel—fool is he as villain—fool not to rush into those arms, and at once reconcile it. Would that his opportunities were mine!—not all the world could restrain me from seeking that sweet embrace.

Bitter as were my thoughts, they were less bitter on observing this attitude of the lovers. I fancied it was half-hostile.

Not a word—not a motion—not a breath. What will they say?—what do?

My suspense came to an end. The aid-de-camp at length found his tongue.

‘Lovely Maimee! you have kept your promise.’

‘But you, sir, have not yours? No—I read it in your looks. You have yet done nothing for us!’

‘Be assured, Maimee, I have not had an opportunity. The general has been so busy, I have had no chance to press the matter upon him. But do not be impatient. I shall be certain to persuade him; and your property shall be restored to you in due time. Tell your mother not to feel uneasy: for your sake, beautiful Maimee, I shall spare no exertion. Believe me, I am as anxious as yourself; but you must know the stern disposition of my uncle; and,

moreover, that he is on the most friendly terms with the Ringgold family. In this will lie the main difficulty, but I fear not that I shall be able to surmount it.'

'O, sir, your words are fine, but they have little worth with us now. We have waited long upon your promise to befriend us. We only wished for an investigation; and you might easily have obtained it ere this. We no longer care for our lands, for greater wrongs make us forget the less. I should not have been here to-night, had we not been in sad grief at the misfortune—I should rather say outrage—that has fallen upon my poor brother. You have professed friendship to our family. I come to seek it now, for now may you give proof of it. Obtain my brother's freedom, and we shall then believe in the fair words you have so often spoken. Do not say it is impossible; it cannot even be difficult for you who hold so much authority among the white chiefs. My brother may have been rude; but he has committed no crime that should entail severe punishment. A word to the great war-chief, and he would be set free. Go, then, and speak that word.'

'Lovely Maimee! you do not know the nature of the errand upon which you would send me. Your brother is a prisoner by orders of the agent, and by the act of the commander-in-chief. It is not with us as among your people. I am only a subordinate in rank, and were I to offer the counsel you propose, I should be rebuked—perhaps punished.'

'Oh, you fear rebuke for doing an act of justice?—to say nought of your much-offered friendship? Good, sir! I have no more to say, except this—we believe you no longer. You need come to our humble cabin no more.'

She was turning away with a scornful smile. How beautiful seemed that scorn!

'Stay, Maimee!—fair Maimee, do not part from me thus—doubt not that I will do all in my power'—

'Do what I have asked you. Set my brother free—let him return to his home.'

'And if I should'—

'Well, sir.'

'Know, Maimee, that for me to do so would be to risk everything. I might be degraded from my rank—reduced to the condition of a common soldier—disgraced in the eyes of my country—ay, punished, perhaps, by imprisonment worse than that which your brother is likely to endure. All this would I risk by the act.'

The girl paused in her step, but made no reply.

'And yet all these chances shall I undergo—ay, the danger of death itself—if you, fair Maimee'—here the speaker waxed passionate and insinuating—'if you will only consent.'

'Consent—to what, sir?'

'Lovely Maimee, need I tell you? Surely you understand my meaning? You cannot be blind to the love—to the passion—to the deep devotion with which your beauty has inspired me'—

'Consent to what, sir?' demanded she, repeating her former words, and in a soft tone, that seemed to promise compliance.

'Only to love me, fair Maimee—to become my mistress.'

For some moments, there was no reply. The grand woman seemed immobile as a statue. She did not even start on hearing the foul proposal, but, on the contrary, stood as if turned to stone.

Her silence had an encouraging effect upon the ardent lover; he appeared to take it for assent. He could not have looked into her eye, or he would there have read an expression that would have hindered him from pressing his suit further. No—he could not have observed that glance, or he would hardly have made such a mistake.

'Only promise it, fair Maimee; your brother shall be free before the morning, and you shall have everything'—

'Villain, villain, villain! Ha, ha, ha, ha! Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!'

In all my life, I never heard aught so delightful as that laugh. It was the sweetest sound that ever fell upon my ears. Not all the wedding-bells that ever rang—not all the lutes that ever played—not all the harps and hautboys—the clarions and trumpets—in the world, could have produced such melodious music for me.

The moon seemed to pour silver from the sky—the stars had grown bigger and brighter—the breeze became filled with delicious odours, as if a perfumed censer had been spilled from heaven, and the whole scene appeared suddenly transformed into an Elysium.

## CHAPTER XLV.

## TWO DUELS IN ONE DAY.

The crisis might have been my cue to come down; but I was overpowered with a sense of delightful happiness, and could not stir from my seat. The arrow had been drawn out of my breast, leaving not a taint of its poison—the blood coursed pleasantly through my veins—my pulse throbbed firm and free—my soul was triumphant. I could have cried out for very joy.

With an effort, I held my peace, and waited for the *dénouement*—for I saw that the scene was not yet at an end.

'Mistress, indeed!' exclaimed the bold beauty in scornful accent. 'And this is the motive of your proffered friendship. Vile wretch! for what do you mistake me? a camp-wench, or a facile squaw of the Yemassee? Know, sir, that I am your equal in blood and race; and though your pale-faced friends have robbed me of my inheritance, there is that which neither they nor you can take from me—the honour of my name. Mistress, indeed! Silly fellow! No—not even your wife. Sooner than sell myself to such base love as yours, I should wander naked through the wild woods, and live upon the acorns of the oak. Rather than redeem him at such a price, my brave brother would spend a lifetime in your chains. Oh, that he were here! Oh, that he were witness of this foul insult! Wretch! he would smite thee like a reed to the earth.'

The eye, the attitude, the foot firmly planted, the fearless determined bearing—all reminded me of Ogeola while delivering himself before the council. Maimee was undoubtedly his sister.

The *soi-disant* lover quailed before the withering reproach, and for some time stood shrinking and abashed.

He had more than one cause for abasement. He might feel regret at having made a proposal so ill received; but far more at the disappointment of his hopes, and the utter discomfiture of his designs.

Perhaps, the moment before, he would have smothered his chagrin, and permitted the girl to depart without molestation; but the scornful apostrophe had roused him to a sort of frenzied recklessness; and probably it was only at that moment that he formed the resolve to carry his rudeness still further, and effect his purpose by force.

I could not think that he had held such design, anterior to his coming on the ground. Professed libertine though he was, he was not the man for such perilous emprise. He was but a speck of vain conceit, and lacked the reckless daring of the ravisher. It was only when stung by the reproaches of the Indian maiden, that he resolved upon proceeding to extremes.

She had turned her back upon him, and was moving away.

'Not so fast!' cried he, rushing after, and grasping her by the wrist; 'not so fast, my brown-skinned charmer! Do not think you can cast me so lightly. I have followed you for months, and, by the god Phebus, I shall make you pay for the false smiles you have treated me to. You needn't struggle; we are alone here; and ere we part, I shall'—

I heard no more of this hurried speech—I had risen from my perch, and was hurrying down to the rescue; but before I could reach the spot, another was before me.

Haj-Ewa—her eyes glaring fiercely—with a wild maniac laugh upon her lips—was rushing forward. She held the body of the rattlesnake in her extended hands, its head projected in front, while its long neck was oscillating from side to side, shewing that the reptile was angry, and eager to make an attack. Its hiss, and the harsh 'skirr-rr' of its rattles could be heard sounding at intervals as it was carried forward.

In another instant, the maniac was face to face with the would-be ravisher—who, startled by her approach, had released his hold of the girl, and falling back a pace, stood gazing with amazement at this singular intruder.

'Ho, ho!' screamed the maniac, as she glided up to the spot. 'His son, his son! Ho! I am sure of it, just like his false father—just as he on the day he wronged the trusting Ewa. *Huheck!* It is the hour—the very hour—the moon in the same quarter, horned and wicked—smiling upon the guilt. *Ho, ho!* the hour of the deed—the hour of vengeance! The father's crime shall be atoned by the son. Great Spirit! give me revenge! *Chitta mico!* give me revenge!'—

As she uttered these apostrophic appeals, she sprang forward, holding the snake far outstretched—as if to give it the opportunity of striking the now terrified man.

The latter mechanically drew his sword, and then, as if inspired by the necessity of defending himself, cried out:

'Hellish sorceress! if you come a step nearer, I shall run you through the body. Back, now! Keep off, or, by —, I shall do it!'—

The resolution expressed by his tone proved that the speaker was in earnest; but the appeal was unheeded. The maniac continued to advance despite the shining blade that menaced her, and within reach of whose point she had already arrived.

I was now close to the spot; I had drawn my own blade, and was hurrying forward to ward off the fatal blow which I expected every moment would be struck. It was my design to save Haj-Ewa, who seemed recklessly rushing upon her destruction.

In all probability, I should have been too late, had the thrust been given; but it was not.

Whether from terror at the wild unearthly aspect of his assailants, or, what is more likely, fearing that she was about to fling the snake upon him, the man appeared struck with a sudden panic, and retreated backward.

A step or two brought him to the edge of the water. There were loose stones strewn thickly along the shore; among these his feet became entangled; and, balancing backward, he fell with a splash upon the pond!

The water deepened abruptly, and he sank out of sight. Perhaps the sudden immersion was the means of saving his life; but the moment after, he rose above the surface, and clambered hastily up on the bank.

He was now furious, and with his drawn sword, which he had managed to retain hold of, he rushed

towards the spot where Haj-Ewa still stood. His angry oaths told his determination to slay her.

It was not the soft yielding body of a woman, nor yet of a reptile, that his blade was to encounter. It struck against steel, hard and shining as his own.

I had thrown myself between him and his victims, and had succeeded in restraining Haj-Ewa from carrying out her vengeful design. As the assailant approached, his rage, but more, the water half-blinding him, hindered him from seeing me; and it was not till our blades rasped together, that he seemed aware of my presence.

There was a momentary pause, accompanied by silence.

'You, Randolph!' at length he exclaimed in a tone of surprise.

'Ay, Lieutenant Scott—Randolph it is. Pardon my intrusion, but your pretty love-scene changing so suddenly to a quarrel, I deemed it my duty to interfere.'

'You have been listening?—you have heard?—and pray, sir, what business have you either to play the spy on my actions, or interfere in my affairs?'

'Business—right—duty—the duty which all men have to protect weak innocence from the designs of such a terrible Blue Beard as you appear to be.'

'By —, you shall rue this.'

'Now?—or when?'

'Whenever you please.'

'No time like the present. Come on!'

Not another word was spoken between us; but, the instant after, our blades were clinking in the fierce game of thrust and parry.

The affair was short. At the third or fourth lunge, I ran my antagonist through the right shoulder, disabling his arm. His sword fell jingling among the pebbles.

'You have wounded me!' cried he; 'I am disarmed,' he added, pointing to the fallen blade.

'Enough, sir; I am satisfied.'

'But not I—not till you have knelt upon these stones, and asked pardon from her whom you have so grossly insulted.'

'Never!' cried he; 'never!'—and as he uttered these words, giving, as I presumed, a proof of determined courage, he turned suddenly; and, to my utter astonishment, commenced running away from the ground!

I ran after, and soon overtook him. I could have thrust him in the back, had I been sanguinarily inclined; but instead, I contented myself with giving him a foot-salute, in what Gallagher would have termed his 'postayriors,' and with no other adieu, left him to continue his shameful flight.

#### CHAPTER XLVI.

##### A SILENT DECLARATION.

'Now for the love, the sweet young love,  
Under the *tala* tree,' &c.

It was the voice of Haj-Ewa, chanting one of her favourite melodies. Far sweeter the tones of another voice pronouncing my own name:

'George Randolph!'

'Maimee!'

'Ho, ho! you both remember?—still remember? *Hinklas!* The island—that fair island—fair to you, but dark in the memory of Haj-Ewa. *Huheck!* I'll think of 't no more—no, no, no!'

Now for the love, the sweet young love,  
Under —

It was once mine—it is now yours: yours, *mico!* yours, *haintelitz!* Pretty creatures! enjoy it alone; you wish not the mad queen for a companion? Ha,

ha! *Cooree, cooree.* I go; fear not the rustling wind, fear not the whispering trees; none can approach while Haj-Ewa watches. She will be your guardian. *Chitta mico, too. Ho, chitta mico!*

Now for the love, the sweet young love;

and again renewing her chant, the strange woman glided from the spot, leaving me alone with Maïmee.

The moment was not without embarrassment to me—perhaps to both of us. No profession had ever passed between us, no assurance, not a word of love. Although I loved Maïmee with all my heart's strength, although I now felt certain that she loved me, there had been no mutual declaration of our passion. The situation was a peculiar one, and the tongue felt restraint.

But words would have been superfluous in that hour. There was an electricity passing between us—our souls were *en rapport*, our hearts in happy communion, and each understood the thoughts of the other. Not all the words in the world could have given me surer satisfaction that the heart of Maïmee was mine.

It was scarcely possible that *she* could misconceive. With but slight variation, my thoughts were hers. In all likelihood, Haj-Ewa had carried to her ears my earnest declaration. Her look was joyful—assured. She did not doubt me.

I extended my arms, opening them widely. Nature prompted me, or perhaps passion—all the same. The silent signal was instantly understood, and the moment after, the head of my beloved was nestling upon my bosom.

Not a word was spoken. A low fond cry alone escaped her lips as she fell upon my breast, and twined her arms in rapturous compression around me.

For some moments we exchanged not speech; our hearts alone held converse.

Soon the embarrassment vanished, as a light cloud before the summer sun: not a trace of shyness remained; and we conversed in the confidence of mutual love.

I am spared the writing our love-speeches. You have yourself heard or uttered them. If too commonplace to be reported, so also are they too sacred. I forbear to detail them.

We had other thoughts to occupy us. After a while, the transport of our mutual joys, though still sweet, assumed a more sober tinge; and, half-forgetting the present, we talked of the past and the future.

I questioned Maïmee much. Without guile, she gave me the history of that long interval of absence. She confessed, or rather declared—for there was no coquettish hesitation in her manner—that she had loved me from the first—even from that hour when I first saw and loved her: through the long silent years, by night as by day, had the one thought held possession of her bosom. In her simplicity, she wondered I had not known of it!

I reminded her that her love had never been declared. It was true, she said; but she had never dreamt of concealing it. She thought I might have perceived it. Her instincts were keener: she had been *conscious of mine!*

So declared she, with a freedom that put me off my guard. If not stronger, her passion was nobler than my own.

She had never doubted me during the years of separation. Only of late; but the cause of this doubt was explained: the pseudo-lover had poured poison into her ears. Hence the errand of Haj-Ewa.

Alas! my story was not so guileless. Only part of the truth could I reveal; and my conscience smote me as I passed over many an episode that would have given pain.

But the past was past, and could not be re-enacted. A more righteous future was opening before me; and silently in my heart did I register vows of atonement. Never more should I have cause to reproach myself—never would my love—never could it—wander away from the beautiful being I held in my embrace.

Proudly my bosom swelled as I listened to the ingenuous confession of her love, but sadly when other themes became the subject of our converse. The story of family trials, of wrongs endured, of insults put upon them—and more especially by their white neighbours, the Ringolds—caused my blood to boil afresh.

The tale corresponded generally with what I had already learned; but there were other circumstances unknown to public rumour. He too—the wretched hypocrite—had *made love to her*. He had of late desisted from his importunities, through fear of her brother, and dared no longer come near.

The other, Scott, had made his approaches under the guise of friendship. He had learned, what was known to many, the position of affairs with regard to the Indian widow's plantation. From his relationship in high quarters, he possessed influence, and had promised to exert it in obtaining restitution. It was a mere pretence—a promise made without any intention of being kept; but, backed by fair words, it had deceived the generous trusting heart of Oçola. Hence the admission of this heartless cur into the confidence of a family intimacy.

For months had the correspondence existed, though the opportunities were but occasional. During all this time had the *soi-disant* seducer been pressing his suit—though not very boldly, since he too dreaded the frown of that terrible brother—neither successfully: he had not succeeded.

Ringold well knew this when he affirmed the contrary. His declaration had but one design—to sting me. For such purpose, it could not have been made in better time.

There was one thing I longed to know. Surely Maïmee, with her keen quick perception, from the girlish confidence that had existed between them—surely she could inform me. I longed to know the relations that had existed between my sister and her brother.

Much as I desired the information, I refrained from asking it.

And yet we talked of both—of Virginia especially, for Maïmee remembered my sister with affection, and made many inquiries in relation to her. Virginia was more beautiful than ever, she had heard, and accomplished beyond all others. She wondered if my sister would remember those walks and girlish amusements—those happy hours upon the island.

'Perhaps,' thought I, '*too well.*'

It was a theme that gave me pain.

The future claimed our attention; the past was now bright as heaven, but there were clouds in the sky of the future.

We talked of that nearest and darkest—the imprisonment of Oçola. How long would it last? What could be done to render it as brief as possible?

I promised to do everything in my power; and I purposed as I promised. It was my firm resolve to leave no stone unturned to effect the liberation of the captive chief. If right should not prevail, I was determined to try stratagem. Even with the sacrifice of my commission—even though personal disgrace should await me—the risk of life itself—I resolved he should be free.

I needed not to add to my declaration the emphasis of an oath; I was believed without that. A flood of gratitude was beaming from those liquid orbs; and the silent pressure of love-burning lips was sweeter thanks than words could have uttered.

It was time for parting; the moon told the hour of midnight.

On the crest of the hill, like a bronze statue outlined against the pale sky, stood the mad queen. A signal brought her to our side; and after another embrace, one more fervid pressure of sweet lips, Maimee and I parted.

Her strange but faithful guardian led her away by some secret path, and I was left alone.

I could scarcely take myself away from that consecrated ground; and I remained for some minutes longer, giving full play to triumphant and rapturous reflections.

The declining moon again warned me; and, crossing the crest of the hill, I hastened back to the Fort.

### THE MONTH:

#### SCIENCE AND ARTS.

AMONG the Friday-evening lectures which have been delivered at the Royal Institution, there is one especially worthy of notice. Those lectures, by the way, are more or less popular expositions of the progress of science, highly interesting to those who have the good-fortune to hear them; but the two in question are of the kind not easy to be followed by a general auditory. Neither can we do more here than make brief mention of them; but that will answer our purpose of recording the advances made by science. One on 'Molecular Impressions by Light and Electricity,' was by Mr Grove, who is well known as a philosophical savant of a high order; and it demonstrates that the science of molecular physics, though rich in results gained within the past fifty years, is yet richer in promise for the future. In the case of light and electricity, their effect on bodies with which they come in contact depends on the molecular structure of those bodies. 'Carbon, in the form of diamond, transmits light, but stops electricity. Carbon, in the form of coke or graphite, into which the diamond may be transformed by heat, transmits electricity, but stops light. All solid bodies (approximately speaking) which transmit light freely, or are transparent, are non-conductors of electricity, or may be said to be opaque to it; all the best conductors of electricity, as black carbon and the metals, are opaque or non-conductors of light.' Every one knows the effect of insolation, or exposure to the sun, on colours and on plants—one is bleached, the other becomes green; and Mr Grove thinks that had he given his lecture in the summer, he could have shewn that it was really possible to extract sunbeams from cucumbers. The science of Laputa is therefore not all fallacious.

The old philosophers would have scouted the idea of the imponderables materially affecting the ponderables; but modern science finds reason to believe that all bodies are, in a greater or less degree, changed by the impact of light. Here a hygienic question comes into play, and an important one, looking at the registrar-general's bills of mortality, and the recently published report upon the health—or rather the neglect of it—of the army; and the means whereby barrack-life in England has been rendered more fatal than service in the field. Mr Grove says: 'The effect of light on the healthy growth of plants is well known; and it is generally believed that dark rooms, though well heated and ventilated, are more close or

less healthy than those exposed to light. When we consider the invisible phosphorescence which must radiate from the walls and furniture—when we consider the effects of light on animal tissue, and the probable ozonizing or other minute chemical changes in the atmosphere effected by light, it becomes probable that it is far more immediately influential on the health of the animate world than is generally believed.'

Then, as regards electricity: gaseous atmospheres are changed by passing a current of electricity through them: letters cut from thin paper, placed between two sheets of electrified glass, leave an impression which becomes visible by breathing on them, or permanently fixed by exposure to the vapour of hydro-fluoric acid: a proof that some molecular change is produced on the surface of the glass. In connection with these phenomena, Mr Grove suggests an important application of photography to astronomy, derived from the fact that, by means of the electric lamp, photographs of the moon may be made to give an image six feet in diameter, with details and lights remarkably distinct. Observers, even with the best instruments, are always baffled in making out the minute features of a distinct object for want of sufficient light. Mr Grove's suggestion is, that if a photograph of the object were taken, and illuminated indefinitely by adventitious light, the image might then be examined microscopically. 'In other words, is the photographic eye more sensitive than the living eye, or can a photographic recipient be found which will register impressions which the living eye does not detect, but which, by increased light or by developing agents, may be rendered visible to the living eye?' There is something highly suggestive in all this; it creates quite a new world of thoughts concerning the operations of nature.

Mr Lassell is finishing a forty-feet reflecting telescope, which he intends to take to Malta, and there devote himself to three or four years' observations of the nebulae. He has already explored the sky from that island with a twenty-feet reflector, and to good purpose; but we shall hear of yet greater achievements with the forty feet. As for little planets, they will soon become a drug in the astronomical market: the number is now fifty-two; and no sooner are they noted, than their orbits are calculated, and their movements accurately determined; and yet a certain rector in Saxony declares the Copernican system to be false, and maintains that the earth does not move round the sun.

There is something to record of photography which can hardly be described as otherwise than wonderful. It is a discovery made by that skilful pioneer of photographic art, Niepce de St Victor, some four or five months ago, and now that there is no room to doubt, we give an outline of it. Mr Grove mentioned it in his lecture, as a striking example of the effect of light. Marvellous as it may appear, light can actually be bottled up for use. Take an engraving which has been kept for some days in the dark; expose it to full sunshine—that is, insolate it—for fifteen minutes; lay it on sensitive paper in a dark place, and at the end of twenty-four hours, it will have left an impression of itself on the sensitive paper; the whites coming out as blacks. If insulated for a longer time, say an hour, till thoroughly saturated with sunlight, the image will appear much more distinct. Thus there seems to be no limit to the reproduction of engravings.

Take a tin tube lined with white, let the sun shine into it for an hour, place it erect on sensitive paper, and it will give the impression of a ring, or reproduce the image of a small engraving and of a variety of objects at pleasure—feathers, figured glass, porcelain, for example. Take, moreover, a sheet of

paper, which has been thoroughly exposed to the sun, seal it up hermetically in a dark tube, and the paper will retain the light so effectually, that after two weeks, perhaps longer, it may be used for taking photographs. The Lord Chief Baron, President of the Photographic Society, in his recent anniversary address to the members, might well say of these facts, that 'hardly anything can be more extraordinary.' It is satisfactory to hear that the Society is flourishing, gaining strength as well as experience, fruits of which appear in their *Journal*. We take the opportunity to mention here that the Society's Exhibition is at the South Kensington Museum, where ample space and light are available, and not at Coventry Street, as inadvertently stated in our last.

Photography is now applied to the reduction of the Ordnance Survey maps for engraving; and as the officers of the corps of engineers are instructed in the art, a considerable saving of expense will accrue to the nation. Apropos of this subject, a commission has been appointed to take the Ordnance Survey, the scale on which the maps should be engraved, and other details, into consideration. The names of the commission—Airy, Wrottesley, Rosse, Brunel, Vignoles, &c.—are a guarantee that the service required will be well and thoroughly done; and for our part we cannot help hoping that no ignorant member of parliament will be allowed to set aside by a hasty vote the conclusions of men wiser than himself.

A paper by Captain Moorsom, 'On the Practical Use of the Aneroid Barometer,' read before the Royal Society, is worth notice, because of its shewing that the instrument—the aneroid barometer—is still used and in certain cases with manifest advantage. Captain Moorsom used it in a survey for lines of railway in the interior of Ceylon, and found that up to about six thousand feet—the highest points of his survey—its indications might be regarded as trustworthy. As manufactured in London, the aneroid presents an advantage over the French invention by the compensation for temperature which replaces the rigid bar of the index. The Marine Department of the Board of Trade have had the instrument under careful scrutiny for some years with a view to its employment for purposes of accurate observation. At present, it can only be regarded as a not very capricious journeyman to a mercurial barometer.

The Society of Arts announce their tenth annual exhibition of inventions for the month of April; and they offer a special prize of £20 and a silver medal, 'for a writing-case suited for the use of soldiers, sailors, emigrants, &c.,' which shall combine lightness with smallness of size, durability, cheapness, and 'the avoidance (if possible) of fluid ink.' Mr Crace Calvert's paper 'On Recent Scientific Discoveries as applied to Arts and Manufactures,' was especially interesting from its practical applications. Coal-tar has been of late a fertile mine of discovery to the chemist; and now from the alkaloids of coal-tar and from naphthaline, substances are obtained which, in dyeing, give a beautiful purple. They are called nitroso-phenylene and nitroso-naphthaline; and their colour has the invaluable property known to economical housewives as 'fast.' But this is not all; the coal-tar yields also safflower pinks and cochineal crimson, with variations into violet, chocolate, and red; and here again the 'imitation of safflower colour stands soap and light, whilst safflower colours do not.' Next, we hear of 'a magnificent crimson colour,' called murexide, obtained from—the reader will hardly guess—from guano! This remarkable result may be said to have been initiated by Prout's discovery of purpurate of ammonia in the faces of serpents: hence years of patient research by the expertest of chemists have been spent in working it out. And for green,

dyers are no longer to be dependent on combinations of blue and yellow, but on a substance new to the English market, imported as 'green indigo,' from China, and in the use of the green colouring matter of plants—chlorophyll, as botanists call it. This product is actually obtained from grass by boiling, and a course of chemical treatment which causes a green precipitate to fall. Another product is 'patent gum,' also for the use of dyers, to be employed instead of the flour and other farinaceous substances which they now have recourse to for thickening their mordants, consuming annually hundreds of tons. 'The patent gum is manufactured by adding to one ton of dry farina sixty gallons of buttermilk, and calcining the whole in the ordinary way.' Mr Calvert further made public a process for preparing sulphurous acid on a large scale without danger, at the rate of thousands of gallons a day if necessary; and he finds that sulphurous acid is an excellent refiner in the manufacture of sugar; and that if brewers will be careful to wash their casks and coolers with a solution of this acid, they will not have to complain of their beer turning sour. These instances will convey a notion of the nature of Mr Calvert's paper, and shew, moreover, what important practical and useful consequences may follow from refined and abstract studies. The philosophical chemist working out subtle conclusions in his laboratory, inspires the genius of application, and in due time commerce and the working population have a new resource. Twenty years ago, M. Gaudin shewed to the Academy of Sciences at Paris specimens of artificial rubies manufactured by himself; he has recently laid before them specimens of artificial sapphires.

The question of steel railway bars is still under discussion: iron rails wear out much too fast; but, except for the 'points' or switches, the harder metal has not come into use. Some engineers contend that its introduction would effect a great economy, as is shewn by instances of another kind. A peculiar sort of steel made in a puddling furnace is now used for steam-boilers, under the name of 'boiler steel' and 'homogeneous metal.' Made into boiler-plates, it is much lighter and stronger than iron; and having been satisfactorily tried on board a war-steamer, three sets of boilers for other government vessels have been constructed at Woolwich. Where quick action is required, the 'homogeneous metal' has a decided superiority; moreover, it does not rust. We hear that the plates for Dr Livingstone's steam-launch are made of it.—Concerning iron: at the last meeting of German naturalists, a piece of fossil iron was shewn; and a fossil tree, found in a floating island off the coast of Sweden, in which the minute cells were replaced by native iron. These are facts of high interest to geologists, especially the latter, as it furnishes additional evidence that iron is an aqueous deposit.

Professor Bailey (United States) brings forward new facts to shew that green-sand is a formation produced by shells of those tiny creatures *Polythalamia*; and in the course of the oceanic survey, it has been discovered that a similar formation is now going on at the bottom of the Atlantic, chiefly in the line of the Gulf Stream. Hence, like coral, green-sand is of organic origin. Another geological fact from the same quarter is that artesian wells have been bored by the army-engineers in the great arid plains between the Mesilla Valley and New Mexico, and with perfect success. When Congress can be persuaded to vote a sufficient sum, wells will be opened all along the line of travel, and the 'manifest destiny' will cease to fear perishing by thirst while accomplishing itself in that direction.

The culture of the vine—viniculture, as some call it—is spreading in the States. There are more than

2000 acres of vineyards in the neighbourhood of Cincinnati alone; and Ohio now produces yearly 500,000 gallons of wine. The most esteemed grapes are the *Catawba* and *Isabella*.—The Academy at Paris offer a prize for an essay on 'Experimental Determination of the Influence exerted by Insects on the Production of Diseases in Plants.' It is wanted for the year 1860.—The *zétout* eaten by the Arabs in Algeria, is found to be the bulb of *Iris juncea*, and fifty times more nutritious than the potato. The *Société d'Acclimation* have introduced it into France, and are trying to cultivate it to a larger size than it arrives at in African soil.—The council of the Royal Agricultural Society state in their Report just published that their last year's exhibition at Salisbury was 'one of the most remarkable assemblages of live-stock ever held in this country.' Chester is to be the place of meeting this year, and it will be characterised by the distribution of a considerable number of local prizes; among which are sums from L.1 to L.10 for dairy-maids and cheese-makers. The Society's Journal contains a continuation of Mr Henfrey's paper on Vegetable Physiology, and a report by Professor Simmonds on the *Steppe murrain*, or *Rinderpest*—the cattle disease which has for some time past been much dreaded by farmers and graziers. The author suggests an origin in the plague of cattle in Egypt, mentions the murrain of which nearly all the cattle in Charlemagne's dominions died in 810, treats of the symptoms and effects of the disease, and of the precautions to be taken to prevent its importation; and concludes by saying, that 'no definite plan of treatment can be laid down, except it is that of supporting the fleeting vital powers while nature is attempting to rid the system of the poison, and then endeavouring to counteract the ill effects which ensue.'

Dr Stark's address to the Meteorological Society of Scotland bears encouraging testimony to the progress of the science of the weather north of the Tweed. The doctor believes that our prevalent winds have much more to do with the temperature of the island than the Gulf Stream has; he traces the phenomena of atmospheric waves, and discovers the storm period which is one part of their manifestations, from November to March inclusive. Storms, as experience shews, may be looked for about the 20th of November; storms again in February; for the other months, the data are not yet fully made out. He recommends that a barometer should be set up at every fishing-port, under charge of one person competent to note its indications, and advise fishermen accordingly. A fall always tells the passing or approach of the hollow of the atmospheric wave; and it is the hollow, and not the crest, which brings storm and tempest. He touches, too, on the theory of storms, and with a practical application to the seas around our own coasts, and to the Atlantic; we quote the passage for its obvious utility: 'As our winter-storms,' says the doctor, 'seem to be chiefly dependent on an atmospheric wave stretching in a line from north-east to south-west, and moving with very great velocity from the north-west to the south-east, all our great winter-storms will come in the direction of the line of that wave—that is, either from the south-west or north-east. If the mariner, therefore, with a falling barometer, finds the wind setting in from the south-east, and as it increases in strength, veering towards the south, he may expect the storm to burst over him from south-west. If, on the other hand, with the falling barometer, the wind sets in from the south-east, and as it increases in strength, veers towards the east, then he may expect the storm to burst on him from the north-east. In both cases, therefore, he will be brought most speedily out of the storm if he put the head of the ship to the north-west. In every other direction he would only be driving before the storm.'

### MY FRIEND.

My Friend has a cheerful smile of his own,  
And a musical tongue has he,  
We sit and look in each other's face  
And are very good company.  
A heart he has, full warm and red  
As ever a heart I see;  
And as long as I keep true to him,  
Why, he'll keep true to me.

When the wind blows high, and the snow falls fast,  
And the wassailers jest and roar,  
My Friend and I, with a right good-will,  
We bolt the chamber door:  
I smile at him and he smiles at me  
In a dreamy calm profound,  
Till his heart leaps up in the midst of him  
With a comfortable sound.

His warm breath kisses my thin gray hair,  
And reddens my ashen cheeks;  
He knows me better than you all know,  
Though never a word he speaks;  
Knows me as well as some had known,  
Were things—not as they be:  
But hey, what matters? My Friend and I  
Are capital company.

At dead of night when the house is still,  
He opens his pictures fair,  
Faces that are—that used to be—  
And faces that never were.  
My wife sits sewing beside the hearth  
My little ones frolic wild:  
Though—Lillian's wedded these twenty year,  
And I never had a child.

But hey, what matters? when they who laugh  
May weep to-morrow: and they  
Who weep be as those that wept not—all  
Their tears so long wiped away.  
Let us burn out, like you, my Friend,  
With a bright warm heart and bold,  
That flickers up to the last, then drops  
Into quiet ashes cold.

And when you flicker on me, my Friend,  
In the old man's elbow-chair,  
Or—in something quieter still, where we  
Lie down, to arise all fair,  
And young, and happy—why then, my Friend,  
If other friends ask for me,  
Tell them, I lived, and loved, and died  
In the best of all company!

### UNNATURAL DEATHS IN ENGLAND.

The registrar-general, in his last quarterly return, shews that the mortality for all England and Wales is 22 in the thousand, while in 64 districts throughout the country in which the sanitary conditions are the least unfavourable, it is only 17 in the thousand. 'Without affirming, on physiological grounds, that man was created to live a destined number of years, or to go through a series of changes which are only completed in eighty, ninety, or a hundred years, experience furnishes us with a standard which can only be said to be too high. 17 in 1000 is supplied as a standard by experience. Here we stand upon the actual. Any deaths in a people exceeding 17 in 1000 annually are unnatural deaths. If the people were shot, drowned, burned, poisoned by strychnine, their deaths would not be more unnatural than the deaths wrought clandestinely by disease in excess of the quota of natural death—that is, in excess of seventeen deaths in 1000 living.' By this calculation, it would seem that the number of unnatural deaths last year was 96,520.

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